

## Kinktober 2021

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Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">DreamXD</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a>
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## Kinktober 2021

by [Lina Love](#)

### Summary

uhhhh kinktober but it's dsmp

c!only, no cc!content. just the characters and some good old fashioned smut.

either way don't like don't read bubble pops

### Notes

! again, this is based on the characters of the dsmp, and not all at portraying the actual content creators !

lacking motivating this kinktober but trying to make it happen , some days might be skipped

I hope not though

first time writing for this fandom be gentle

prompt list ; [https://twitter.com/kinktober2021/status/1416491706581753859?  
t=hVii1LNUWvr7Udsv7\\_iKWQ&s=19](https://twitter.com/kinktober2021/status/1416491706581753859?t=hVii1LNUWvr7Udsv7_iKWQ&s=19)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Day One ; Rimming ( DNF )

### DAY ONE ;

### RIMMING ;

### DNF

" Honey, you've prepped all day for this, you can't get all shy on me now. I just want to celebrate a decent manhunt. You promised -- "

And it was true. They had discussed it, George's cheeks tinted red when Dream had gone on to explained how much he wanted to have George settled over his face so he could, and he quotes, '*Make him see fucking stars, ' ' Because it would make **HIM** feel good.*'

And the sentiment had been beyond charming. George had agreed a little too eagerly for him to be proud of, and he'd been sure to be extra thorough cleaning himself before the day had come for them to try this all out.

George, despite himself, had a lot of nerves, but as Dream spoke to him and he was able to take in his partner's overall energy, he was suffocated by it in a way that he couldn't help but find comfort in.

Most people feared the way Dream could make them feel small. He couldn't help but enjoy it. And George enjoyed it even more as Dream laid back onto his bed -- Dream didn't have a bed, he reminds himself. Or a home. But he always looked so at home here anyways. It made George feel important.

" It's not that I'm shy. It's just weird. We've never done something like this before, and -- "

" I get it. It's a little weird.

But I want this, and I promise, it's going to make you feel so good. Here. Look.

Taking off the mask. "

True to his word, the lithe figure on the bed reached to a covered mask so he could slip it off to rest on the pillow beside him.

George was always taken aback by just how ( *pun not intended* ) dreamy, Dream could be. With his shining green eyes and wicked smile.

" Right. I trust you.

What do you want me to do here? "

" Just tug off your pants, and let me do the rest. Tonight is about you. "

George found himself scoffing as he followed through with the command, sliding out of his pants and underwear, allowing the material to fall gently to the floor below them.

" We're celebrating you. Did you forget that? "

" How could I forget a win like that? All I want is to make you feel good. Let a guy indulge,

boohoo bear. "

Dream's tone was teasing, but the light in those emerald hues shifted to something more intense as long, slender fingers hooked around George's hips. Pulling the man up to straddle the hunter's face. And without a moment's hesitation, an overly eager tongue was plunging into the other man.

A shocked gasp was drawn from George, his back drawing tense like a tightened drawstring, his hips moving instinctively to begin to grind down on Dream's face.

He was rewarded with breathless sounding moans from the blond beneath him, and the knowledge that his pleasure made Dream feel good -- it was enough to have a very premature heat growing in his stomach.

The more intense Dream got with tongue the better it felt, and the pleasure led to the most wonderful sounds from George. Beautiful little sound that drove Dream to simply work harder in his exploration of the other man, tongue growing sore, but all too insistent.

A calloused hand from years of fighting wrapped around George's length, and there wasn't much more the man could do to fight away Dream's desire to push him over the edge.

There were a few more insistent movements of his hips, and a strangled sounding moan was ripped from George along with his orgasm.

As Dream repositioned George to settle on his chest, a hand came back to feel in shaggy, blond locks.

And a chuckled rose from Dream's chest, honest and real enough to have George flushing deeply.

" Dude. You got cum in my hair. "

" Sorry! I'm sorry! "

## Day 2 ; Boot/Shoe Worship ( Dream + Quackity )

### Chapter Summary

UHHHHHH

#### **DAY 2 ;**

#### **BOOT/SHOE WORSHIP ;**

#### **QUACKITY + DREAM**

" Are you scared, Dream? "

The prisoner in question remained silent. Standing tall and firm in the farthest corner in his cell as he could manage, wanting as much distance between himself and Quackity as possible.

The man had been tormenting him for months. Fear had been replaced by acceptance a long time ago. He'd brace himself with trembling hands for the blunt blows of an axe against his skin. Or he'd hiss, whine, and twist against the sharp stinging pain of a pair of shears against his flesh.

Each day different, but horribly the same. Dream couldn't help but shake his head no. Eyes distant and unconfused. Mask shattered into a thousand pieces to the side from constant abuse due to the other man.

" You're not going to kill me. You're just going to make me bleed and cry, and then you're going to leave. Why should I still be scared? "

It sucks. But I'm not scared of you.

And I'll tell you again, I'm not telling you *ANYTHING* -- "

Dream's words were cut off by a strangled gasp, Quackity swinging forward the handle of a beloved axe to connect with Dream's midsection. Harsh enough to have the blond in question crumbling in on himself.

Hands hooked around his midsection. Not given a moment to recover before the same blunt object connected with his shin, causing the once proud and noble man to crumble to his knees.

Face construed in pain.

" Wrong answer, Dream.

The blunt end of that axe pressed on the back of Dream's neck to push him down so he face was kissing the obsidian floor. "

" Tell you what. We'll try something new today.

Kiss my feet, Dream. And I'll leave right now. "

The words were sharp and caused Dream to tense up. He knew why Quackity would demand something like that.

To dehumanize him. To keep him from feeling strong enough to keep fighting back. To destroy his mind even farther.

" What if I say no? "

" Then I'm going to get my shears out and I'm going to decide which one of your fingers I want to slice off. "

Dream sucked in a breath, and to Quackity's utter delight, Dream moved in. And his lips settled at the tip of a pair of expensive dress shoes. And he pressed a chaste kiss to the leather.

It tasted like bitter poison, and as Dream tried to jolt back upon completion, Quackity shoved him down even harsher.

" Uh-uh, honey.

Like you like it. Give it a lick, sweetheart. "

And the words were light and teasing, cruel in nature, but as Quackity looked down to the other, as he watched a pink tongue hesitantly lick over the toe of the shoe -- he noted the tent in Dream's prison jumpsuit.

Quackity stepped back with a loud and harsh sounding laugh.

" You fucking slut, holy shit! You really have been alone for way too fucking long!

Man, why don't you take care of that? I'll come and see you tomorrow, Dream.

And if you pop a boner with what I'm planning on doing to you --

Well, anyways! Sleep tight, and nice playing with yourself, Dreamie!

Sam! I'm ready! "

It didn't take much more than that for Dream to be left alone. And as the lava flow returned -- Dream pulled himself out of his trousers. And jerked himself to completion thinking about that far off and insane look in Quackity's eyes.

## Day 3 ; Body Worship ( Sapnap + Karl )

### DAY 3 ;

### BODY WORSHIP ;

### SAPNAP + KARL

Karl was laid out naked on a shared bed. His head turned and hidden in the pillows. Face flushed with Sapnap settled over him. Legs straddling a smaller body, hands and fingers spread wide on his hips.

A pair of lips connected to the crook of his neck. Sharp teeth of the demon burying into his flesh. The act earned a whimper from Karl, and a pair of dark eyes blinked up to his lover. A smile curling around his face.

" You make such pretty sounds, you know that? "

Karl's response was to hide his face farther into the pillows, whining low in his throat.

Sapnap knew that Karl had a handful of self love issues, and he was always intent on making him feel adored and confident in his own skin when they laid together. He could take his time without Quackity. His energy infectious and chaotic in nature. He was usually quick into the game.

He liked to take his time when their lover wasn't joining them.

" So pretty. So perfect. "

Karl huffed out a quiet sound, and Sapnap's lips began to travel lower. Kissing softly over his collar bone. Down to his ribs, each one lavished with his lips.

Down, down, and down. To settle on sucking a bruise against his hip, the man beneath him squirming with the pressure.

A needy, little mewl has Spanap chuckling against pale flesh.

" You know I love you, right? Your body, your voice. Your eyes.

You're so good to me, baby. So good to Quackity. Kinoko. You're absolutely wonderful. "

" I love you too, but -- *hnn*! "

Before Karl could voice or argue against the point, Sapnap has hooked his lips around Karl's length, plunging down in a single motion that had the other man reaching out to clutch onto dark locks.

Eagerly rolling his hips into his fiancé's mouth, knowing that Sapnap could handle it.

And handle it he did. Cheeks hollowing as he offered a harsh suck.

Small moans were drawn from Karl as he squirmed on the bed. Restlessly moving his hips to chase the pleasure of Sapnap's warm and wet mouth.

The praise had done a lot to work up Karl already. And a few more well timed movements from

Sapnap had Karl straining on another pitchy moan, before he finished inside of his lover's mouth.

Sapnap pulled back with a pop after swallowing, grinning dazedly ahead at his darling fiancé.

" Like I said. Perfect. I love you. "

" Love you too. Holy shit, I love you so much. Thank you. "

" Anytime, buttercup. "



## **Day 4 ; Cockwarming ( Dream + Techno )**

### **DAY 4 ;**

### **COCKWARMING ;**

### **DREAM X TECHNOBLADE**

Dream's knees were kissing into the unforgiving dirt of a favored forest, a netherite sword settled beneath his chin, and a pair of glowing red eyes glowered down at him. The Piglin's lips curled up into a bemused grin. Both body's breathing heavily. The results of a long and drawn out sparring march finally coming towards the end.

Dream was in a vulnerable position. A checkmate. Techno had finally knocked the hunter to the ground, and didn't hesitate for a second to claim the winning move.

The hybrid's voice deep and gentle, and it echoed in Dream's ears like sweet honey.

" I think I won, Dream. Isn't that interesting? Didn't we have a bet today? "

Recognition settled in Dream, and he gave a soft scoff, raising his hands up so he could gently push that blade away from his most vulnerable area.

" You can't be serious. I thought we were joking. "

" Oh, Dream, I never joke about bets. But if you were joking, if you're uncomfortable -- you can back out. "

And if that wasn't a challenge and a fucking half for the masked man, nothing would be. His veins lit up with adrenaline, and he was quick to shake his head no.

" I can do it! If we're serious, I'm game. Just until you clean your sword, right? "

Techno offered a hum of approval as he untensed his posture, gently pulling himself out of his trousers. Dream's eyes level with his long time rival's length. The size had him gulping audibly, and Techno's lips twitched into an unsure frown.

" Are you sure you're okay with this, Dream? We can say I was jok -- heh?! Heh -- "

A startled sound shifted into a pleased little snort as Dream's lips slipped around his member. And Dream stayed put. A comforting and pleasurable warmth. Something to sit and be gentle -- a post workout cool down. It felt better than Techno had expected. And as he pulled out a piece of worn leather from where it was tucked within his shirt.

Hands shaking just slightly as he pulled it over his blade. To rub away dirt. To ease off blood. His eyes not trained on the weapon, but rather, the sight below him and between his legs.

Taking his time with it to savor the wet heat of Dream's mouth. Finally deciding after about five minutes that if he took much longer, he'd be pushing things.

His hand moved over the blade once more, and a startled gasp filled the space as his thumb sliced over his blade.

Right. Attention.

Techno hit Dream's shoulder as he felt him chuckle around him, the vibrations pushing for the Piglin to continue to grow towards full hardness.

" You're such a dick. It's not funny. I'm done with this thing. Do you want to get off now, or so you want to see this out to the end? "

Dream slunk back and away from Techno with an obscene pop, a thick line of spit connecting them from where Dream had settled into a more comfortable position.

" I'm game to see it through if you are. "

Techno offered a nod, sheathing his blade so he could instead settle his hands on either side of Dream's face so he could draw him back in.

Dream went willingly. Mouth opening once against to accommodate the other. And he dove right into it, full force. Dream actively pushing against Techno's soft lead to swallow him down into the back of his throat.

Techno choked on a loud gasp, deep in nature. Something guttural that couldn't be considered anything to be human in nature.

Dream grinned wildly at that, and his jaw set to work. Tongue swirling eagerly in a way that had Techno already seeing stars. They hadn't started too long ago, but the rush of power mixed with the adrenaline of the fight had him ready to spill soon.

Embarrassingly so.

The Piglin's hips thrust forward, and the choking sound that resulted from the action had sent another white burst of pleasure through Techno.

Dream took it in stride, blinking up at the taller man as he continued to work the other closer and closer to his orgasm.

" Dream. I'm close. I'm really, really close. If you don't stop, then I'm going to -- "

Oh. Apparently that idea was agreeable. Because Dream hollowed his cheeks and gave a final, powerful suck, and Techno was coming down his throat with a strained sort of grunt.

Techno's legs were shaking as Dream moved back and stood, spitting on the grass and wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

The blond watched from beneath his mask as Techno tucked himself away and tried to catch his breath.

Dream's voice was smug. And despite being unable to see the fucker's face, Techno knew he was grinning from ear to ear just from his tone.

" Same time next week, right? "

" Yeah. Same time next week. "

## **Day 5 ; Foodplay ( Dream + Techno )**

**Day 5 ;**

**Foodplay ;**

**Dream + Technoblade**

" So, Phil made these cakes, right? Tommy has been really into these hybrid cake things. Abominations if you ask me. But, there was an extra apple one laying around.

And Phil insisted I had it, and I can tell you're doing that stare you do under that mask. This isn't weird. Don't make it weird.

I thought maybe give back to the homeless, and -- "

Techno's rambling was cut off by the loud sound of Dream's wheezing laughter, and a look of frustration crossed over the Piglin's features.

" Forget it. You don't want the cake. I'll see if Niki wants to raid it to recreate the recipe, and -- "

" No, no! I want the cake, I do, it's just, the big bad Technoblade, bringing his arch rival a cake, that's funny! You have to admit that's funny. "

Techno responded with a blank stare -- before promptly shoving the cake into Dream's unnerving mask.

A sharp gasp was his prize, and Techno beamed brightly as he reached out to swipe icing from the mask to pop between his lips.

" Delicious. "

Dream's head was caught following that finger pop into that mouth, and Techno arched a curious brow at the man.

" You like what you see here, Dream? Thinking about my fingers? That's pretty weird of you. "

Dream scoffed, his head turning to the side. The painted on face of his mask concealed by icing and crumbs.

" No. That's -- I mean. It looked good, is all. I'm kind of bummed you wasted it. "

" Oh, well that can be remedied. "

The curious sound from Dream was cut short when that pink tinged finger moved to where his mouth was partly exposed beneath the end of that mask.

Dream's lips parted. And Techno wiped the icing from the digit on the right side of Dream's cheek, slowly pulling it back out.

A contented sound came from the human at the taste, and beneath his privacy veil, a deep flush was forming on his cheeks.

Seriously? He was getting hard over Techno feeding him cake now? What the Hell was wrong with

him?

" Thought you said you didn't like my fingers? The cake can't be that good. "

Dream hesitated for a moment, before offering a noncommittal shrug.

" Is this okay? "

Dream asked hesitantly.

" Yeah. This is okay. "

Techno's expression softened at the tone, before it hardened once more and he moved to coat that finger once more in the goop that coated Dream's mask.

Cleaning more of it off before he inserted his finger into Dream's waiting mouth. Instead of retreating this time he let a nimble tongue explore the digit, cleaning it deftly. One of Dream's hands coming down so he could rub against his hard on through his pants.

When the finger had been cleaned, Techno repeated the process. Watching on in awe as the man worked to eat the crumbs and frosting from his flesh. Reveling in the soft pants that escaped him as he worked himself over in earnest.

Each time the process continued, that mask became less and less obstructed. And Dream's sounds became more frequent and his movements more desperate.

Techno took another glob of the destroyed cake, eyes wide in amazement.

" Last bit, Dream. Gods. You were amazing, learn something new everyday. "

There was a hum to acknowledge Dream had heard him at all, before his lips returned to eat the final hints of that cake away, and as his tongue swirled once more and a strangled whimper came from the man's lips, echoing around the finger in his mouth.

He'd effectively creamed the inside of his pants, and as Tehcno pulled back, Dream was quick to take a skittish step back.

" That was, uhm. Fun. "

Tehcno snorted at the words, and he waved the other off with an undeniably fond look hidden in his eyes.

" Run away, Dream. Next time Phil bakes too much, I'll be sure to find you again. "

## **Day 6 ; Overstimulation ( DNF )**

### **Day 6 ;**

### **Overstimulation ;**

### **DNF**

Dream was laid out on a shared bed. Hands tied above his head and his legs spread obscenely. George settled between them, and there was a redstone powered wand in his hand that was settled on the side of Dream's length.

The blond's stomach was already painted with a layer of cum from the past three orgasms George has rung from him already.

Dream had broken a very simply rule this evening, not cumming without permission, and he had failed despite his best efforts.

Even if George was sympathetic to the way Dream had tried so hard to be good for him, there needed to be consequences so he could help Dream to continue to be a good boy for him in the future.

Dream painted such a lovely sight. His face and chest flushed a bright red, his head thrown back into the pillows to try and hide the desperate whines and mewls that were constantly dripping from his lips.

Tears tracked down his cheeks, and he'd never been more gorgeous to George.

" Just one more. You've got this. You're being so good for me right now, Dreamie. "

Dream whined out in response, choking on a moan as the wand settled over the tip of his member, his fingers gripping onto the sheets desperately to try and ground himself.

Dream was far gone now. Floaty and shuddering consistently. His mind fuzzy beneath his eyes.

" I'm close. I'm so close. George, please, can I -- "

" Of course. Of course you can, whenever you're ready. Cum for me, Dream. "

It took a few more gentle movements of the vibrator against Dream's cock for him to reach the edge, and he came dry with a silent scream. His tears increased, and the buzzing filling the room faded into silence.

George was quick to move up the bed so he could settle beside his lover, his thumb swiping away the tears. His words soft as he spoke.

" So good for me. You did so good. We're done now. You were absolutely amazing. "

Dream leaned into the contact, exhausted, his eyes fluttering shut.

" Can we do this again one day? "

" Liked the punishment, did you? Of course. If you liked it, we'll do it again. Let me get some water, alright? And then we'll get some rest and talk about it later. "

The response he got was a pleased hum, and Dream silently figured that maybe he'd break the rules more often if every punishment would be so amazing.

## **Day 7 ; Double Penetration ( Karlnapity )**

**Day 7 ;**

**Double Penetration ;**

**Karnapity**

Quackity was currently settled firmly on Sapnap's dick, they'd already been going at it for upwards of thirty minutes. A slow and teasing stretch, and he tle grinding into their little lover as Karl's fingers worked alongside Sapnap's length. He currently had one in there, and the reactions were already wonderful.

The burn was uncomfortable in a strangely addicting way, the small hybrid's wings fluttering wildly behind him as he gasped and squirmed against the intrusion trying to fill him more and more.

Sapnap's hands settled on his hips as his own rolled up slowly to press against his prostate every other stroke to ease some of the discomfort that came with Karl stretching him open to impossible levels.

" Look at you, doing so good. You take it so well, baby. Built to be stretched open for us. "

Sapnap's voice was like honey in Quackity's ear. It caused the small male to shudder, and while he was distracted by Sapnap's voice, Karl took the opportunity to slip another finger into Quackity, scissoring them alongside their boyfriend's length.

Quackity let out a shrill sound akin to a scream, and his eyes squeezed shut as he adjusted to the stretch.

Karl's hand moved slowly, continuing his gentle scissoring, watching his hole flutter and twitch with a flush of his own at the absolute obscenity of it.

Karl's jaw clenched as Sapnap peaked down, and he turned his gaze back to Quackity's squirming frame.

" Honey. You're open so pretty. Do you think you're ready for Karl now? "

Quackity have a desperate nod.

" Please! Want him in me, come on! Don't make me fucking wait anymore! "

" You heard the man, Karl. "

Karl nodded his head to Sapnap, taking their previously discarded lube to slick himself up as much as he could for Quackity's comfort..

As he slipped in beside his fiancé, Sapnap's hiss of pleasure matched his own. And below him, Quackity all but screamed. Before moaning out loudly as they began to shift into the other.

It only took a few slow thrusts before Quackity was finishing all over his stomach, and as he tightened around his lovers. Both of them found their release shortly after from the pressure and warmth.

" We're going to pull out now, honey. It's going to be uncomfortable. "

Quackity only nodded lazily, and Sapnap pulled out first. Quackity grunted in response. And actually flinched when Karl followed suit.

Sapnap's hands were instantly over Quackity, and he hushed his frustrated sounds softly.

" Karl. Go get the water and towels. I'll stay with him. You were great, baby. "

" Fantastic! "

Karl chimed in easily.

Quackity grinned fondly at the two despite his exhaustion.

" You guys were too. That was the hottest fucking thing ever. Love you idiots so damn much. "



## Day 8 ; Sensory Deprivation ( DNF )

### Chapter Summary

if this is short no it's not ,, I'm tired today

#### **Day 8 ;**

#### **Sensory Deprivation ;**

#### **DNF**

A blindfold was settled over Dream's eyes, his hands bound and his body settled on his knees oh so pretty on the center of the bed. About an hour ago he'd been stripped of both his clothes and his eyesight.

The strip of fabric kept his face shielded as always, and it kept Dream feeling safe in the same ways as that mask. And it made him comfortable enough to let go with someone he trusted like George.

George had been teasing him the entire time. Feather light touches, hard handed smacks against his thighs, and torturous touches to his neglected cock that stood tall and a ruddy red that showed just how desperate Dream was for release.

Dream had been floating pleasantly in darkness for about half this time now, lost to the pleasant, fuzzy void of subspace. The world around him blackness and George's touch.

Nothing else mattered outside of that and his need for a well earned orgasm.

Soft whines came from Dream's lips as George's hand hooked around his member once more, and he practically keened at the attention.

" Please. George, please, I have to -- "

" Shh. You don't have to beg anymore. You've been so good for me tonight, Dream. Just let go for me, alright? "

George's voice was the only thing that Dream could register outside of his own pleasure, and it was grounding in the same way George was.

It didn't take long after the teasing that he'd had to endure, and with nothing else to focus on other than George's hand and his command that he finally come, his body and mind didn't see a reason to argue.

He spilled over himself with a shaky whimper, and it only took a few moments for Dream to become hyper aware of his blindness.

His chest began to heave as panic set in, and George hushed him softly as he untied his hands, bringing that mask up to Dream's face.

Allowing him to pull it back on before Dream reached up to untie the blindfold. The blond laid back, and George was quick to follow his movements.

" Are you alright? "

Dream was always quiet after scenes, no matter how soft or mellow. But George knew it to be an affirmative, and he squeezed his hand gently before slipping out of the room to get the washing cloth and water.

Already coming up with what they could do next -- maybe covering his ears too. Now that could be *really* fun.

## Day 9 ; Humiliation ( Schlatt + Quackity )

### Day 9 ;

### Humiliation;

### Schlatt + Quackity

Quackity was settled on his knees, Schlatt's hand settled in his long locks and his dick settled halfway down his vice president's throat. The heat was warm and inviting, and the sight of Quackity was down right fucking sinful.

" Fuck yeah, bitch. You were just made for this, weren't you?

Don't even know why I let you sit at the table with us. Should just be on your damn knees. "

Quackity moaned at the words, and the vibrations made the president weak in the knees. A grunt coming from his lips as he rolled his hips deeper into Quackity's waiting mouth.

The duck hybrid in question had a hand between his legs, getting off on the harsh treatment and the demeaning words.

Schlatt took note of it, and grinned around a bitten down lip.

" Jesus, and you're getting off on it? You're such a fucking slut, you know that?

Damn, baby boy. Fucking perfect for my dick. You're just a dumb whore.

Damn did I find the pick of the fucking litter with you, you just fucking take it -- "

He thrust deeper into Quackity's waiting mouth with a deeper groan, and his eyes slowly fluttered shut. Working forward towards his own orgasm quickly.

It was so easy to get off on humiliating Quackity, and it was so good to know that with the way the hybrid was moaning that he was close too just from the words.

It only took a few more thrusts for Schlatt to spill his load down Quackity's throat, and he kept himself buried deep inside the other.

" Fucking swallow it. "

He felt Quackity swallow around his length, filing down everything he was given, his own palming becoming insistent, and as Schlatt pulled out and fucked himself away, the smaller male finished in the confines of his dress pants with a strained whimper.

Schlatt peered down to his ruined fiancé with a lazy grin.

" Gods, you're so fucking perfect for me. I love you, pumpkin. "

He only got a loopy smile in response. All in all, he'd count this as a good fucking night. He only hoped the good luck would follow to the upcoming festival...

## Day 10 ; Selfcest ( Dream + XD )

Day 10 ;

Selfcest ;

Dream + DreamXD

" Who are you? "

Dream's voice was soft, in awe of the creature before him. He looked eerily familiar to himself. Just distinctly less human. Shrouded in a cloak and a mask. Dream almost doubted there was a body at all behind the guise. But the energy -- it felt so similar to his own, and he was instantly drawn into the stranger before him.

The entity's voice was smooth. It seemed to echo off the air itself.

" It's not very important. I'm a part of you that you don't have access to anymore.

But -- I have been thinking. I am missing something. "

Dream watched on from beneath the safety of his mask skeptically. Silently urging the thing to continue.

The hint was taken, and the deity went on talking.

" I'd like to be one again. Just for a few moments. "

Dream blanked for a moment, before letting out a sound of understanding.

" You want to have sex. "

The faceless being nodded, and Dream offered a little shrug.

" Been a slow afternoon. I don't see why not. "

This pleased the creature greatly, and a pair of hands that Dream noted were connected to nothing moved to pull down his pants and boxers.

The blond let out a thoughtful sigh as a finger, already lubed by unnatural forces, slipped into him. His body relaxing easily. There was something about this thing that made him feel at ease, and the process of adding fingers and stretching him open was quick and ended with Dream flushed out of view, panting and rocking against the intrusion.

He whined as those fingers were pulled from his body, and was soothed with a soft chuckle that caused goosebumps to form on Dream's flesh.

Then he felt something wet and oddly slimy push at his hole, and he choked on a moan as **SOMETHING** pushed into him from beneath that cloak. It was vaguely penial. But something just off enough for him to be aware of it.

Either way, it felt **GOOD**.

Similar voices twinned together in the air. One breathy and full of wistful moans, the other deeper

in nature with occasional grunts and huffs.

The instrument moved deeply into Dream, hitting its target in a way far from human with the execution, and it couldn't have been much longer than a few more minutes of the ruthless pounding before Dream found his voice again.

Whimpering out a desperate, " Please, I'm close. I'm going to -- "

A hand wrapped around Dream's length, and the human sputtered helplessly. It took two strokes for Dream to finish all over his stomach and the God's hand.

The God behind him continued to thrust into him as Dream shuddered with overstimulation, and once he was about to open his mouth to beg for mercy, XD spilled inside of him. Pulling out and allowing the hunter to tug his pants back on with shaky hands to hide his shame.

" This was wonderful, Dream. Thank you for indulging me. "

" Anytime, uh, man. "

Before him, the vision of the figure vanished, leaving Dream alone to clean himself up fully.

## **Day 11 ; Leather ( Dream + Techno )**

**Day 11 ;**

**Leather ;**

**Dream + Techno**

A pair of leather gloves fitted over Techno's arms, stretched thin and tight around the muscle. A new piece to his ridiculous ensemble that Dream couldn't help but stare at without shame. The way the fine black shifted under each flex of his arm drew him in like a moth to a flame.

It was hard not to notice the way Dream stared with that mask shifting to follow his arms. It was jarringly obvious and painted an amused and smug little grin on the Piglin hybrid's features.

" Again with my hands, Dream? I'm starting to think they're the only part of me that you like.

Did you want to feel them? You're going to burn a hole in that mask of yours from how hard you're staring. "

Dream couldn't do more than simply nod, watching intensely as Techno closed the distance between them. Those fine dress pants settling in the grass below them. Shielded from the outside world by a thick blanket of trees that made them both confident enough to simply get to it.

Techno was gentle with the way he tugged down the hunter's pants to free his already hardening erection, and as leather coated fingers wrapped around his member, Dream let out a wistful sigh as he twitched to full hardness with a few tugs from Techno's hand.

The hybrid's thumb swiped over his tip to gather the precum there to slick up the leather glove, and Dream choked back a whimper at the cool and slick pull around his cock.

The texture was obscene, like fucking up into a tight body without the warmth. It was erotic and his hips were rolling into each thoughtful stroke.

From beneath the mask the blond bit down on his lower lip as the speed was picked up, and the most gorgeous sounds dripped from his lips as the grip became rougher.

" Gods. Techno. So fucking good. Faster, please. "

Techno hummed out at the demand, but followed it anyways. His wrist flicking on every downward stroke.

It didn't take much longer after that for Dream's stomach to tense, and for him to shoot his load over the new gloves. Painting the black material white.

As Techno pulled back, he absently wiped the gunk onto Dream's own pants before pulling them up for him, chuckling lowly under his breath.

" Always a pleasure, Dream. Until next time. "

With that, Techno left the little hunter to pant through his afterglow, watching his rival leave with a wistful little high.

## **Day 12 ; Impact Play ( DNF )**

### **Day 12 ;**

### **Impact Play ;**

### **DNF**

Dream was laid out flat in his stomach, George settled on his knees beside him. Earlier during the day, George had caught Dream coming without permission -- and that was decidedly not allowed and in need of correcting.

George's hand came down harshly on Dream's ass, and the man moaned out at the impact. His face screwing up as another hit landed directly after.

This wasn't new. Dream enjoyed these games they played, but George always proved to be stronger than he looked.

The next hit laid against his thigh, and Dream jolted forward, rutting against the blankets without another needy sound of pleasure.

" There we go, baby. Tell you what. You go ahead and grind on the bed all you want, but if you want to come tonight, you're doing it from this. Got it? "

His response was a grunted, " Yes sir, " before that hand came down again. A flat palm on his other ass cheek that had the blond tutting forward once more.

Each strike had Dream squirming and moving to grind his straining dick against the blankets below him. Each hit had his ass growing redder and redder --

" Sir! Can I come, please? I need to come. "

" Of course, baby. You took your punishment so well. "

A final hit landed and Dream strained, spilling beneath him and making a sizable mess.

George's hand gently rubbing his lower leg as the other man came down from his temporary high.

" You were so good for me, you know that? "

" Thank you. S'was good, George. "

" Just stay here, honey. I'll be right back with the towels. "

He got a low hum of affirmation before lazily hiding his face deeper into the pillows as he awaited his lover.

## **Day 13 ; Sadomasochism ( Dream + Techno )**

### **Day 13 ;**

### **Sadomasochism ;**

### **Dream + Techno**

Splayed out so beautifully, like an ethereal vision, was his beloved little hunter. Hands and ankles tied against the bed, body naked and cock straining against his stomach.

Techno had caught the man during one of his manhunts and has whisked him away with a sadistic grin and the promise to return him safely. Offering sanctuary from footsteps for the time being.

His friends would pass by the area, and in the meantime, they'd have a little consensual fun.

" Color system, lightning bug. I know you know it by heart, but let me hear. "

Dream caught sight of the whip in hand that was used for farming cattle and the like, and his breath caught in his throat. Desire coursing through his veins.

" Green means I'm good, yellow means slow down, and red means stop. "

" There's that clever boy. I'm thinking thirty is enough to thank me for letting you hide out here, don't you think, Dream? "

Dream offered an eager nod, hips straining towards the air in anticipation.

" Count. "

The whip came down softer than Dream knew Techno was capable of, and his body jerked with the warm up blow.

" One. "

Techno hummed his approval, and the next hit against splayed out thighs was harder this time. Spurring a groan of satisfaction from the hunter as he rasped out a soft, " Two. "

It continued on like that. Rapid strikes against tan flesh, each one met with a whimpering moan and a straining man writhing on the Piglin hybrid's bed.

Skin painted red from pectorals to shaped abs, up and down long strong legs and plush thighs.

A flush finishing the picture, spread from Dream's neck to the ears poking out from beside that ridiculous mask.

" Three more, then I think you ought to be on your way. "

Dream groaned out a soft affirmative as another hit landed on a sharp hip bone, earning a scream this time from the force behind the blow.

" Fuck! Twenty eight! "

Another. This time on his lower left leg.



Another strained sound of pain and pleasure echoed off the walls.

" Twenty nine! "

One final blow was laid across his chest, and Dream strained against his restraints with a whimper, eyes squeezed together shut as his mouth formed around a soft and barley there, " Thirty. Thank you. "

Techno lowered the whip to untie the man, gently helping him back up.

" Of course. I know what you like sometimes. I want to do more for you, maybe after you win that hunt, you can come back, and I can take care of you? "

Dream nodded as he found his clothes to tug them back on over raw flesh. Grimacing at the pain that followed.

Techno winced sympathetically.

" You're sure you're okay to go? That was a little intense. "

Dream nodded his head as he pulled his hood on and up over disheveled locks.

" Yeah! No way I'm losing after this, if I can get through that, the rest of this is going to be a cake walk. I'll find you later and you can do all that soft stuff you love after you hurt me. Promise! "

Dream was already halfway out the door as Techno waved to him, not able to get another word out to be heard, but comfortable in the knowledge his Dream would return to him.

## **Day 14 ; Stockings ( Sapnap + Karl )**

**Day 14 ;**

**Stockings ;**

**Sapnap + Karl**

" Baby, damn. Look at you. "

Sapnap's voice filled their shared home within Kinoko's walls, his body hesitating in the doorway to their bedroom. Face lit up in an amused grin at the sight laid out before him.

On either of Karl's adorable chubby legs, a mismatched pair of stockings stretched out over strong calves. One with a baby blue ribbon, the other a pretty pastel purple.

Framed by a pair of black boxers, his pants thrown off God knows where.

" And you thought you could hide this from me? You look so fucking pretty, baby. "

Karl blushed under the affections, his body growing hotter as Sapnap came to lower himself on his knees between Karl's spread legs.

His hands splayed over the fabric covering his legs.

" You were going to jerk off like this, weren't you? "

Karl could only offer a nod, staring down at Sapnap with wide eyes.

" Yeah. Yeah, I was. But now, I can't? "

Sapnap shook his head, rubbing the side of his face adoringly against a stocking.

" Jerk off for me, baby. I want to see it. "

Karl whimpered at the words, they sent a rush of arousal right through him.

Karl moved his hand down to tug down his boxers just enough to get his cock out and into his hand.

His fingers hooking around his length, and his hand drew up the length of it. And he let out a shaky moan between the relief and the sight of Sapnap between his legs.

The demon in question pressed a kiss against the fabric as Karl sped up his strokes, working in earnest to get himself off as Sapnap smothered his legs in kisses and heartfelt affections.

The fabric growing wet from the intensity in which Sapnap was lavishing onto him.

It only turned Karl on more, his wrist flicking on every downstroke, his thumb rotating over the head of his cock.

Precum smeared beneath his thumb, and the soft sounds of arousal picked up in pitch. Growing louder and more frequent in nature.

" Cum for me, baby. You can, right? "

Karl nodded, his eyes squeezed shut and his face pinched up in an adorable pout as he focused on that coiling spring in his gut. His hand sped up, and it took a few more strokes, but then he tipped himself over his edge and finished in his hand.

Panting as he opened his eyes to look down at Sapnap's loving expression.

" You're going to have to wear these more often. "

## **Day 15 ; Praise Kink ( Dream + George + Sapnap )**

**Day 15 ;**

**Praise Kink ;**

**Dream Team**

" Be good for us, alright, Dreamie? "

A manhunt had just ended and the three of them had taken refuge in a jungle temple for the night, Dream settled against a wall, George leaning into Sapnap, already working to remove his pants for what would be a fine reward for Dream winning.

Again.

The fucker always won.

" So, I'm going to stretch George out. And you're just going to be our good boy and be patient, alright? Then Georgie here is going to ride you.

You can be good and patient, right? "

Dream strained around a whine at the words, and nodded too fast to the command.

Sapnap grinned wildly, leaning forward with an arm outstretched so he could shove two of his fingers into Dream's mouth. The blond opening up willingly, content to suck and spread his saliva around the fingers with his tongue.

The eagerness had Sapnap groaning softly, eyes blown wide as both him and George watched Dream's talented mouth work.

Once satisfied with the slickness of his fingers, Sapnap pulled his hand away.

" So good for us, such a perfect and hot little mouth. Just gotta stretch him for you, baby, alright? Why don't you slick yourself up? Gotta be ready for him to take you, alright? "

Dream whined out and nodded, spitting onto his hand to stroke himself slowly -- just enough to get wet -- at the same time as Sapnap shoving both his fingers at once into George.

George moaned sharply at the less than pleasant stretch, but relaxed easily into the sloppy and over aged ministrations of the young demon's fingers.

Sapnap was too quick in his prep, he always was. Over eager and impatient to watch his shared lovers be connected. Those fingers started to scissor, and a third poked in a bit too soon.

George hisses out and Sapnap paused for a brief moment.

" Is it okay? Too much? "

Sapnap's voice was soft and it warmed George to his core.

" No. It's fine. Just slow. "

Sapnap gave a nod of his head, slowly easing in a third that wasn't quite as wet as the others. Once it was snugly buried in his partner, he worked to stretch those fingers to fully prep him.

The process only lasted about five minutes before Sapnap deemed George fit to go on, pulling his fingers out and slapping George's ass playfully.

" You were so good and perfect for us, Dreamie. Waiting so good. Getting yourself nice and ready. George is going to ride you now, alright? "

Dream's eyes were foggy, his features flushed and body warmed from the praise. He nodded his head, and reached out, hesitating for just a moment.

" Can I touch you, George? "

" Of course, baby. You waited so good. "

Dream's hands slotted over George's hips to help him up and over his cock, the two of them groaning out in unison as the ravenette sunk down onto Dream completely.

" Feel so good in me, Dream. So fucking good. You're so good, just keep being good and let me use you, alright? "

Dream nodded his head eagerly, moving to rest his head against George's shoulder as the older man rose his hips, then slammed himself back down.

George used Dream's shoulders as leverage, fucking himself in earnest on his long cock. Moaning over the blond that squirmed and whimpered in place in his own throes of pleasure.

" So God damn perfect for me, Dream. So wonderful. Just a little more -- "

George continued to fuck himself down against the other, Dream thrusting up to meet him. It didn't take long for George to reach his peak, eyes falling shut beneath askew glasses.

" I'm close. Be good for me and come when I do, I'm going to count down, alright? "

Dream nodded his head from where it was pressed against George, and he made a high pitched sound as he spoke up again.

" Okay, okay. Shit! Five -- four. "

Dream felt his stomach coil.

" Three, two -- one. Come for me! "

The both of them groaned, George's words enough to push Dream over the edge with the desire to be good for him. The feeling of Dream's seed inside pushed George over the edge as well.

Sapnap, beside them, had finished moments before, his cock still held lazily in hand.

## Day 16 ; Public ( DNF )

### Day 16 ;

### Semi-Public ;

### DNF + Sapnap ig

A redstone powered vibrator was one of their favorite toys. Or -- one of George's favorites. It spelled torture for Dream each time it was settled in his greedy little hole.

George had stretched him and placed it in him when they'd woken up that morning, and had placed it in him. Before the two of them took off with Sapnap to go hunting for half broken weapons and armor to revamp in the deeper parts of a mine they'd found.

They'd been exploring for about an hour, George and Dream distracted. George by the remote in his pocket and Dream by the way he's been edged for the entire time.

With just barely enough attention to get him there.

Sapnap plunged his blade into a zombie to kill it off, lifting up a half broken helmet. Jerking his head to look back as Dream gasped and jerked a little as the speed increased. Silent enough to be unheard from the ambiance of the cave system.

Brows drawn together in confusion.

" What? It didn't get you, did it? You were behind me -- "

Dream shook his head, face flushed in a way Sapnap could argue as being from lava.

" I'm fine. "

His words were breathy and Sapnap looked on in concern.

" Are you sure you're feeling okay? We can call it if you want? "

" He's fine. "

George spoke up, nudging them both to continue forward.

Sapnap wasn't entirely convinced, but continued to walk anyways.

George trailed beside Dream, whispering softly to him.

" Be good, okay? It's going to stay like this until you finish. Right next to our friend. When you do, I'll turn it off, and you can show off. "

Dream gave a shaky nod of his head, sword clutched tightly in hand.

Sapnap mowed through a skeleton that peeked out, letting out a frustrated groan at the lack of a drop. Just fucking bones. Sure, good loot was rare, but it was a particularly shit time.

The groan covered up a soft whine from Dream, delighted by the distraction as it allowed him to reach down and brush over himself a few times. The friction enough to push him closer to the

edge.

They continued on, the next zombie taken down with ease like the last two monsters, and nothing but miserable rotting flesh.

" Come on! Man, we've been at this forever. All we have to show for it is a fucking helmet. Seriously. Let's just try again later -- Dream? "

The intenseness of the vibrations and the pause in walking let Dream focus on the vibrations, and he came onto his pants with a soft moan.

George grinning at him like an absolute madman, and at the growing wet spot, Sapnap let out a long groan.

" Seriously, we're fucking hunting! You guys are insane -- let's go. We're going home. I am not hunting like this. "

" Agreed. "

Dream's reply was meek but it made George laugh regardless.

## Day 17 ; Threesome ( Karlnapity )

### Chapter Summary

Karl love Karl love Karl love

#### Day 17 ;

#### Threesome ;

#### Karlnapity

Karl was splayed out on a set up of three different beds that had been shoved lovingly together, naked as the day he was born. Flushed from head to toe with Sapnap buried deep within him.

Sapnap bent over his lover, shielding him from the door and rest of the room. Quackity sitting on the side of them both, one hand holding his cock heavy in his hand, the other gently brushing over every bit of flesh he could reach with an undeniable fondness.

Quackity was endlessly in awe of his lovers. Karl's precious baby face when it was lit up red from pleasure, the concentration on Sapnap's brow and the thin layer of sweat that stuck to him as he exerted himself fucking into their lover.

Sapnap's hips moving slowly, almost languid in the moment of intense love that filled the room. Taking note of the dreamy expression on Quackity's face as he looked them over.

His tone soft as he spoke up, a loopy smile on the demon's face.

" You like what you see, baby? "

Quackity gave an eager nod of his head, face flushed to match his partners. His own from the amount of affection that he felt for them both in the moment.

" You look so fucking good together. Like, insanely good. It's a lot. "

One of Quackity's hands splayed to feel over Karl's thigh, taking note of how the muscle jumped under the touch and beneath the sweet layer of chubby flesh that clung to their lover.

" You hear that, honey? Quackity thinks you're so pretty like this.

He loves you so much. Tell him. "

As Sapnap returned to his more brutal thrusts, Quackity's hand began to work himself over in earnest once more.

" I do love you, you're so fucking hot, Karl. So damn fucking gorgeous like this. Makes me so hard, look -- "

Karl whined under the loving words, eyes cracking up to watch the way Quackity jerked himself off, and the fact that he was getting off to him made Karl flush impossibly darker.



" You're so hot, Quackity. So pretty, birdy. Love that you're getting off on me. "

A particular solid thrust stole Karl's words with a deep moan that echoed off the walls.

Sapnap groaned out softly, tightening his grip on Karl's hips, digging little crescents into his flesh.

" I'm so fucking close. You guys? "

Karl nodded his head frantically and Quackity offered a squawk of affirmation.

Sapnap redoubled his efforts in a search of finishing himself and Karl off, reaching one hand out to jerk his curly headed lover in earnest.

Quackity rubbing himself a bit more aggressively so it hurt just a bit, focused on the way Sapnap's muscles flexed beneath his skin as he worked to pleasure their fiancé.

Karl was the first to come undone with a strained, high pitched whimper, spilling over Sapnap's fist and his stomach.

Sapnap followed shortly after at the way Karl tightened around him, and as they lay together catching their breath, the sight of his lovers so ruined pushed Quackity over the edge.

Finishing into his fist with a pitchy sort of whine, his wings fluttering as his orgasm ripped through him.

Slowly, Sapnap pulled out of Karl, earning an exhausted grunt from the man.

The demon chuckling low in his chest.

" Love you both so much. "

The sentiment was echoed easily by both of his lovers.

## **Day 18 ; Orgasm Denial ( Wilbur + Quackity )**

### Chapter Summary

This one is gonna be short bc , experimenting with characters

#### **Day 18 ;**

#### **Orgasm Denial ;**

#### **Wilbur + Quackity**

Coming back to life was -- off. As was his desire to linger around Nevadas as if it were worth something. There was something to be said about lonely spirits attracting one another.

Between Quackity and his estranged relationships and a large country to himself and Wilbur's loss of nearly everything, falling into each other's arms and Quackity's bed seemed a natural reaction.

Wilbur, splayed out like a Christmas feast for Quackity, a piece of string tied off around the base of his coco to keep him from finishing before Quackity deemed appropriate.

Or if he ever deemed it time -- which Wilbur wasn't hopeful for.

They'd already been at it for upwards of half an hour. Wilbur's cock bright red and pointed upwards. His face frustrated as Quackity's long and nimble fingers brushed and teased over the flesh.

" Damnit, Quackity! Please! It's been forever, I just want -- "

A harsh smack echoed in the space, the back of a heavily ringed hand connecting with Wilbur's cheek. There was a beat of silence, and Wilbur moaned, his hips rolling up in search of friction that just wasn't there.

Quackity grinned at the reaction, wide and feral.

" You'll take what I give you. You're in my country. My home. My bed, and you're trying to rush me?

No one asked you what you wanted, Wilbur. I think you need to be punished, don't you? "

Wilbur groaned low in his chest as that barely there touch returned, fingers ghosting a grip around him, a soft and slow pumping motion too much to oversensitive flesh and an overly active mind.

Wilbur's body searching for the contact as it was ripped away with a defeated sort of grunt.

" I'm going to bring you to the edge, then we're done. If you're good tonight, I'll let you come in the morning.

Deal? "

This disappointed Wilbur, but the desire to end the scene and get to bed so he could earn his release come morning was just as prominent as the dream to orgasm had been just moments earlier.

" Deal, deal! Come on, just one more -- "

" Just one more. "

Quackity echoes the sentiment, before he hooked his fingers around Wilbur to jerk him in earnest this time around.

It took about five solid strokes before Wilbur was squirming all over again.

Bucking and fucking into the touch desperately, and Quackity watched on closely.

Pleasure built up in Wilbur's body, even if it was a little painful to come up again. But eventually he got lost on just how wonderful it felt. That heat in his gut, the rush to the finish line --

And the moment Wilbur's face pinched up on pleasure as if he were going to try and steal a dry orgasm, Quackity ripped his touch away.

Wilbur's disappointed whimper was loud and deep, and Quackity only laughed as he tugged the string off of the other man.

" Try again in the morning, right? "

Wilbur rolled onto his side, tugging up his boxers from around his ankle with a little sound of commitment.

The misery had Quackity laughing as he laid down beside him.

" You're cute when you're mad. "

" Shut up, I'm going to sleep so the time goes by faster. "

" Fair enough. Good night, you fucking loser. "

## **Day 19 ; Master/Slave ( Dream + Techno )**

**Day 19 ;**

**Master/Slave ;**

**Dream + Techno**

" I sincerely hope for both our sakes, you're all dolled up and on your knees, Dream. Or we're going to have problems.

Y'know, like. Problems you don't want to have. Wait. What kind of problems do people like to have?

Nevermind. Point still stands. I'm coming in and we're starting the scene. "

Which was good, because Dream could afford a soft laughter at Techno's expense before the other slipped inside due to his ramblings.

Dream had already stripped himself of his clothes, and was knelt in the center of Techno's bedroom. Dream always figured the cabin would be frigid with the windows and high altitude, but there was a constant warmth that seemed through the stone building. Dream has yet to determine if it was from fire or Techno's energy itself.

He leaned towards the later. The home was always icy and chilled when he visited and snooped in the empty building.

But those stresses and the numerous strings he held up didn't matter right now. Not when he could allow himself to drift away and into Techno's leading hand.

Nothing in there moments mattered other than the Piglin hybrid and his own desire to be good so he could feel good in turn.

Dream doesn't like to think about the inner mechanics of his mind that must be fucked up enough to want to slip under so badly just so he could feel an ounce of relief from a frenzied and power hungry mind.

The door creaked open, and Techno's hand was already on the side of Dream's face. The mask discarded with the rest of his clothes to fully take away the power Dream clung to so deeply.

It allowed the hunter to truly find that floaty space and cling to it.

" We're just going to be real simple and easy today since I know you've been having a hard time with all your secrets. That's fine, yeah? "

And it did sound fine. It sounded perfect, and Dream couldn't help but nod, his movements lazy as he drank in the comfort of the physical contact.

A smack radiated the air, and Dream hissed in a breath, bright green eyes alert on Techno's face as the pain blossomed and registered.

" Yes what, Dream? "

The gulp from the man was audible.

" Yes, master. "

" Good. I just want you to tell me how much you worship me, alright? I'm going to get you off, because the little idiot has been having a hard time. "

Dream began to nod his head again, but remembered the pain of the last hit, and spoke softly beneath his breath.

" That sounds good, master. "

The power that Techno felt was a rush in it of itself. And the reminder of it and the memory of Dream on his knees would suffice for his own enjoyment later.

But right now it was all about Dream. It tended to be that way whenever the man was in a room. He demanded all attention.

And even Techno wasn't entirely immune to that

The foot of a finely pair of crafted leather boots came down to settle over Dream's clothed cock, earning a gasp from the tall blond.

" Use my foot. And tell me how much you enjoy it. And my wonderful leadership skills. You get off like this or not at all, Minos. "

The name sent a jolt of arousal through Dream. The keeper of the Minotaur. Techno's oobsession with the story was never endingly endearing.

" Yes, master. Thank you. "

Techno grunted his approval as Dream's hips began to grind into the pressure of the Piglin's boot, groaning low in his chest at the sensation. Eagerly picking up movement to chase the pleasure the humiliation gave him.

It was hot. The feeling of helplessness, the degradation of the act. Just focusing on one thing and one thing only was as liberating as it was sexy.

" Thank you. Feels so good, I fucking -- Jesus, Tech -- "

Before the name could be finished, a pink tinted hand gripped long locks of golden hair to TUG, rough and unforgiving.

The strained moan it caught from Dream's lips was dazzling, and the sight of him bucking more wildly because of it was addicting in nature.

" Sorry. Master. It feels so good, master. "

Techno hummed out his approval, grinding his foot down into Dream to give him added stimulation.

Dream's lust filled pants were becoming more frequent, and the harsh blush on his features was adorable to the Piglin.

" You're doing good, Dream. You're already close, aren't you? And people say you're high and mighty. Getting off on my foot. Ridiculous. "

Dream whimpered out at the words mostly because they were true. They'd barely just started but he'd been pent up enough that this was very easily enough to get him to premature territory.

The strained whine as he bucked up was enough to have Techno grinning in that smug way that Dream usually hated, but right now, adored.

" You're almost there, champ. I can tell by that look on your face. Ask permission. "

Dream melted at the command, embarrassment flushing through him as he stared up at Techno with hooded eyes.

" Can I come, master? Please? "

And the sweet way he asked had Techno feeling like he could control God himself. He gave a little nod, fond in nature.

" Of course. Whenever you're ready. "

It only took a few more desperate ruts for Dream to spill within his pants, huffing out a soft moan as he rode through his orgasm, Techno removing his foot to stare down at the other.

" Feeling okay, Dream? "

Dream hummed out as he pulled himself to his feet.

" Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. Gotta go home and change. "

" What home? "

" Yeah. Alright. Eat shit, Techno. I'll see you. "

A little wave of Techno's fingers caught Dream's line of sight as he pulled his mask back on.

" Bye, then. "

## Day 20 ; Bulge ( DNF )

### Chapter Summary

this one is short I got high and have no inspiration sorry this is the low point of this challenge KSKSKSK

### Day 20 :

### Bulging :

### DNF

George had become very used to topping Dream from the bottom, it was routine at this point. The two of them getting lost in the fantasy that Dream's cock was so big it was useless. Dream got lost in the service top role easily whenever a gentle burst of humiliation was added in to make him feel in the right mindset to do so.

George had just begun to sink down onto Dream, hands splayed over his lover's shoulders, that pain in the ass mask long since abandoned after the sweat and blood of a successful hunt had been washed away fully for them to enjoy each other.

Dream groaned out audibly and George moaned in turn as he sunk down, slowly as to not hurt himself despite being stretched. Dream was just that big. Each bit more that he took had both men more and more aroused until Dream had bottomed out and George was flush against his hips.

Each time it was something to marvel, the very clear bulge in George's stomach from the size of Dream in general. The fucker was so damn huge. Tall as shit, long legs, and a cock that could put a fucking horse to shame.

George brought a hand down to gently feel against his stomach. Being able to physically feel how big Dream was, to feel him through his flesh, it was undeniably sexy to George.

The attention focused onto that spot and the way it made his own cock strain was only broken by the sound of Dream whining beneath him, his hips bucking up slowly as if to spur George into action.

George noted it, and was quick to readjust his mind in order to start riding Dream in earnest. Both their eyes locked on the bulge in George's lower stomach, the way it moved with each thrust deeper into his body. It was so fucking hot, and George moaned out once more.

It was so sweet to have Dream writhing beneath him like that. Gentle and submissive and taking everything George gave him in stride.

" So fucking big in me, Dream. Look at that. Look at you. That shit is so fucking hot, Dream. You're so fucking sexy. "

Dream whined out at the words as he focused on the size of himself in George, continuing to thrust up and into his lover, grunting out into the air between them. It made the room hot and humid,

bodies sweaty and sticking together.

Adoration tangible in the air and love white hot between them both.

Heat was deep in George's gut, overwhelming, and from the way Dream's face was pinched up he could tell the other was reaching his edge as well.

" It's okay, Dream. Shit. I'm going to, too -- so good. You're so big in me. "

Dream whined out into George's shoulder, bucking up harsher into him. It only took a few more thrusts for George to spill between him, and Dream followed shortly after.

Gunk between them as Dream slowly pulled out of the other, leaving George unbearably empty.

" I can never believe how big you are. Gods. Rearranged my fucking guts. "

" You love it. "

And George did. He really fucking did.



## Day 21 ; Thigh ;) -ing ( Dream + Sapnap )

Day 21 ;

I'm changing tits to thighs live with it the prompts today made me sad ;

### Dream + Sapnap

Sapnap had an amazing set of thighs, and it wasn't hard for the younger man to take notice of the constant stating. The proposition was brought up nonchalantly as they nibbled on bread and haphazardly planned the next manhunt.

Sapnap uttered the words, " Hey, wanna fuck my thighs tonight? " And Dream's entire demeanor shifted, thoughts of the hunt turned to dust and thoughts of just quickly replacing what had existed there ten fold.

His nod was silent, and he let Sapnap whisk him into his bedroom. He had to get back to the woods soon. But this would be a necessary fucking stop during his plans for the day.

How could he ever refuse such an offer?

Dream watched with baited breath as Sapnap pulled down his pants to expose muscular and thick thighs, and he groaned low in his throat as he stripped down his bottoms as well, joining Sapnap on the bed.

A larger body draped over a smaller, and Dream slotted himself between both of Sapnap's thighs.

He felt the younger man flex, and he moaned low in his throat. Hips instantly getting to work, fucking up into the space with an intensity that had Sapnap reeling.

" Didn't think it was this serious, Dream. You been think about this for a while? While we should be fighting? When you should be focused on having my back? Fucking sick of you, man.

But it's hot. So I'm not mad. "

Dream grunted out at the words, a soft agreement, but not wanting to be stop and split his focus from the heat pooling in his stomach the longer he bucked his hips against the man.

" Can't help it, so fucking pretty. It's so hot, I don't know if I'm going to -- "

Sapnap chuckled, brushing a fond hand through Dream's hair. He'd like to take that mask off. But it was buried against his shoulder and it was quite frankly a little cute how he tried to hide away.

" I know. Don't worry about it. It's fucking hot when you finish early, it makes me feel so fucking sexy. Go ahead. "

The confirmation that his excitement wasn't seen as a bad thing had Dream pushing back his insecurities to focus on the slick nature his precum had created between Sapnap's thighs, the feeling of muscles flexing and the warmth there. It was incredible.

A handful of sporadic thrusts later and Dream was cumming between his friend's thighs with a shaky sort of moan.

Falling heavy and dead on top of Sarnap, who simply chuckled and gently urged the man to roll over onto the bed.

Dream's voice was groggy at best when he spoke up again.

" Do you want help with, uh -- "

Sarnap was quick to shush him, leaning back casually onto his bed, his hand snaking down his pants.

" I got it. Guna be hot to come with your juice all over me. Rest. You've got shit to do today. "

Dream could only hum his agreement as he sunk deeper into the bed. He drifted off to nap to the slick sounds of Sarnap pleasuring himself.

## Day 22 ; Masturbation ( Quackity )

### Chapter Summary

have another short one ig

#### Day 22 ;

#### Masturbation ;

#### Quackity

Brilliant images danced through the duck hybrid's mind as his hand worked over his hard and heavy cock. Loneliness bit at him consistently. The estrangement from his fiancés and being cooped up in Nevadas was just enough to make things difficult to do these kinds of things.

His imagination, God bless it, made it all the more easier despite depressive emotions. He had so much to filter through, so much to urge him to continue working himself over.

His thumb swiped over the head of his leaking cock, eyes slipping shut as thoughts went to Eret. Their long legs, their lithe form. The way they carried themselves with such amazing and graceful authority.

His next thought had a soft moan falling from his lips as he tightened his hold on himself.

To Karl, long limbs stretched out and bent every which way. Those chubby cheeks stained with tear stains from just too much good.

A whine tire it's way from Quackity's throat as he sped up his hand against slick flesh.

Then to Sapnap. His strong muscles. The thick patch of hair on his lower stomach. His dominant personality --

" Fuck, fuck -- so fucking good. "

His words were strained and hushed under his breath. Breathing labored as he crept closer and closer to his climax.

He came over his fist thinking about a well fitted suit and curvy horns. Of a fanged smile and glowing eyes, the moan that followed shaky and surprised.

Eyes wide as he stared down at his lap and worked to settle his breathing.

' *God, that says a lot about me, huh?* '

## Day 23 ; Spit ( Dream + Techno )

### Chapter Summary

I uh did not feel comfortable with today's prompts so I changed watersports to spit , , fair ???? I think it's fair

### Day 23 ;

### Spit ;

### Dream + Techno

Dream was always so damn pretty on his knees with a cock down his throat. Techno didn't find things lovely, not really -- but Dream? Eager to please with his mask tilted up to rest atop his head, with this green eyes dilated and wanting, with his mouth dripping drool and soft pants coming from his lips as he worked Techno over.

Well, he would call that rather fucking attractive. Beautiful in the way a sunset was. Or melting snow in the morning. Or any number of things that made Techno glad he was alive despite his hardships and obstacles.

These were the moments that were worth living.

A hooved hand came down to smear that drool around, and Techno groaned low in his chest when met with one of Dream's moans around him from the demeaning act.

Always such a receptive little bitch when a little bit of humiliation was thrown in. And it made their rivalry all the more interesting in situations like this.

" Jerk off for me. We're finishing at the same time or you're not finishing at all. Got it, Dream? "

Dream nodded around the dick in his mouth, and one of his hands came down to tug himself out of his pants. Working his fist over himself in time to the rhythmic thrusts Techno pushed down his throat.

As the pressure in Techno built up, in the spur of the moment and the pleasure in his veins -- he took in the ruined image of Dream beneath him.

And he spat. A glob landing on Dream's cheek.

And Dream paused the rhythmic motions of his mouth and Techno panicked, ready to backtrack, to check if he was okay, but before he could he was met with a loud and unashamed moan.

Dream's dick twitched in his hand and Techno relaxed back into the heat of his mouth.

The humiliation in Dream's veins burnt him to the core and made his pleasure intensify. He was getting close, so close --

He worked his tongue faster around Techno to urge the Piglin to completion as well. Earning a few

low grunts, animal like in nature, for his efforts.

" Close, Dream. Count of three, okay? "

A gentle tap on his thigh was all the agreement he needed.

" One. "

Techno thrust deeper into Dream's eager throat to feel it spasm wonderfully around him.

" Two. "

Dream focused his thumb over the head of his cock, focusing on smearing the precum to make the pleasure filled strokes slicker and easier.

" Three. "

The gush and taste of Techno's warmth on his tongue pushed Dream over the edge. Finishing in his palm as Techno pulled out of his mouth.

Both men lazy as they tucked themselves back into their pants. Dream wiping his mess on his clothed thigh as he spat the seed onto the ground beside him.

Techno chuckling low in his chest at the sight.

" Not too much? "

" Never is. That was hot. "

Techno grinned fondly at the other as he helped Dream to his feet.

" And now you run away, right? "

Dream laughed in turn, a wheezy little sound, nodding as he made his way to the door.

" You know how it is! Secrets to keep, homes to live in, people to scare. I'll see ya next time, man. "

" Mmm. Maybe. Bye, Dream. "

And he was met with an empty house and a loud mind. Like he always was after he allowed himself to warmth of Dream's company.

## Day 24 ; Formal Wear ( Dream + Techno )

Day 24 ;

Formal Wear ;

Dream + Techno

It was weird. The material was scratchy and the feeling of a tie choking his neck wasn't nearly as fun as it was when it was a pair of hands or when he was consistently battling for breath during the midst of a particularly good manhunt. It was restrictive and made him anxious compared to the easy and loose clothing he normally wore for mobility.

It took three simple steps to get here.

One, a favor from Eret which meant the clothing was a ill fitting on him from the king's wardrobe.

Two, an intense hatred for whenever Techno was right in his miserable ramblings.

And three? Those fucking words.

*' Dream, I'm the actual Pig here, and I dress better than you. Explain that. '*

It didn't take much more than that for the lithe hunter to have let himself into Techno's cabin. Waiting impatiently on the man to return.

And when he did, the look of genuine shock on his face was endlessly amusing.

He saw defensiveness take over due to a body in his dwellings, to relief upon seeing just Dream, and then back to unbelieving at the choice of attire.

It looked fucking ridiculous with the mask. But it still left the Piglin a little speechless, because seriously..?

This was a **LITTLE** extreme of a reaction.

" Okay. Dream. What's this? What's the end game here? You proved me wrong. Your human thumbs are capable of putting on a suit.

Congratulations. What, uh. Well. The heck, I guess? "

Dream waved a hand, already moving to loosen his tie now that he'd proven his point, a gentle laughter on his breath.

" I just wanted stop prove a point. I don't even really want to be wearing this. It feels like I'm being strangled. "

What Dream didn't take notice of, was the way the pupils of Techno's eyes had dilated since he'd returned home.

The Piglin crept forward, shaking his head.

" Keep it on. Sit down. Relax. I kinda wanna get my hands on you. If that's okay? "

Oh.

That's why he was staring so intensely.

Dream gave a weak little nod as he settled on the nearest seat, watching with wide eyes behind his mask as Techno crept forward and fell to his -- *Jesus Christ, really?* His fucking knees. Between Dream's legs.

" You, uh. The suit really doing that much for you? "

Techno smiled as he tugged down the dress pants.

" Yeah. Where you were hiding this in your not home? "

" Uh. Wasn't. I visited Eret. "

Techno made a face at that as he tugged down Dream's boxers as well.

" Okay. Let's agree not to talk about Eret while we do this.

I wanna use my mouth. That okay? "

Dream nodded once more. How could he say no to the offer of someone like Techno sucking him off?

" Yeah. Just, y'know, careful with the tusks. "

Dream got a thumbs up in response before Techno dove in, hooking his lips around Dream's member. Slowly giving himself the time to adjust as he took him farther and farther down his throat.

Dream let out a shaky moan as he moved his hands to settle in pink hair, urging the man down deeper. Content to feel the man and the warmth of his mouth. It was so sweet.

His hips started to buck up into the warmth. Eager and desperate for the intense waves of pleasure.

A particular roll of his hips had him feeling something round and hard against the head of his cock, and Dream groaned out heavily at the knowledge. How had he never noticed he had a tongue piercing..?

" Is it gold? "

Dream asked through shaky breaths, and Techno nodded around him with a hum that sent vibrations through Dream.

Thank God he was sitting, because it made the hunter's knees buckle.

This went on for several minutes. The soft sucking and the effort it took to finally get Dream into the back of his throat. A solid effort on both parts.

Techno working his jaw raw and Dream's self control to keep himself from choking the other.

Pants and grunts filled the space from both men, and it didn't take much longer for Dream to let out a strained whine.

" I'm close. Can I? In your mouth? Please, Techno. "

A tap on his thigh, adoring and teasing in nature, was the consent Dream needed. A few more desperate thrusts of his hips, and he found himself spilling with a broken whimper.

Dream's seed filled Techno's mouth, and the Piglin hybrid greedily sucked it down before pulling back with an audible pop.

" Jesus. That was good. "

Dream sounded breathless as he pulled himself to his feet, tugging back up his boxers and pants.

" I gotta -- return this now. I'll see you? "

" Yeah. You will. Next time you're wrong, apparently. "



## Day 25 ; Breath Play ( Dream + Techno )

Day 25 ;

Breath Play ;

Dream + Techno

Dream was straining against the bed already, squirming and desperate and absolute putty in Techno's hands. He'd been edged for nearly half an hour, Techno's hands gentle like a feather over his sides, thighs, his cock. His hole puffy from abuse, and Techno hadn't even pressed into him yet.

No, he wasn't allowed that kind of pleasure until Techno had deemed him prepped and ready enough for that. All Dream wanted to say was, ' *I'm ready, please, I need it, need you --* '

But he simply couldn't. There was a strip of leather tied between his teeth, and he couldn't do more than whine and drool and hope that the Piglin got the message.

And get the message he did, with those pretty and pleading eyes trained in him, bare and stripped of that protective mask.

" Yeah? Okay. You know the drill. A little bit of pain with the pleasure. Like you like. Right?

Sign. "

Dream nodded along desperately, his hand tapping Techno three times in a row, eating a soft him of approval. While one hand settled on Dream's hip to ease himself in, the other one came up to block Dream's nose so the only way he could breathe was strained through the makeshift gag between his lips.

Dream jolted at the extreme bit of *GOODNESS* that came from having his breathing restricted at the same time as Techno entering him.

The stretch was delicious. And both men counted to thirty. And the hand around his nose vanished. And Dream heaved in a deep breath, his chest rising dramatically with the act.

Techno began to thrust into him, casually and ever so methodically blocking Dream's airway.

Each time Techno restricted his breath, he tightened so lovely around him. Neither were going to last long. They never did when they did this.

Techno's thrusts erratic and hitting Dream's prostate every other motion. Dream heaving and painted a lovely shade of red.

" So close, you're being so good for me. You're allowed to come whenever you want, honey. Whenever you want. "

Dream moaned, garbled and broken around his gag, nodding his head desperately in agreement.

As Techno covered Dream's nose once more, and felt the man tighten around him, Techno thrust once more and spilled deep within the other.

Holding Dream's oxygen at bay before he felt the body beneath him convulse with a powerful

orgasm.

The Piglin released the man once more, watching as he pulled out as Dream struggled to catch his breath. Heaving and wheezing in the adorable way he did as Techno took to cleaning the human and redressing his bottom half.

" Stay the night? "

Techno's voice was soft. Vulnerable in the way he always was after sex.

Dream nodded, making no move to get up or adjust his position in Techno's bed.

" Yeah. I think I should. Sounds good. "

## Day 26 ; Wax Play ( Dream + Techno )

### Day 26 ;

### Wax Play ;

### Dream + Techno

" Color system or safeword today, Dreamie? "

Dream's heart seized in his chest at the gentleness of the question. They usually discussed this before hand. If Dream thought a session would be too intense, they'd forgo the stoplight system so all he had to fish for was a single word and a single meaning.

But it wouldn't get that intense today, so a soft hum came from the nude hunter on Techno's bed, and he offered a vague shrug.

" Both? But stoplight system. I mean, you'll stop if I safeword instead, I never know why we go through this. "

Techno gave a little sound of affirmation as he gathered the candle from the side. Made from beeswax and gentle on flesh aside from a distant burn and discomfort.

" Well, I like to know what to listen for. You yellow out the most, so I think yellow, yellow, yellow whenever you look uncomfortable -- I don't know. It helps me feel calmer about this. "

" You're a sap. "

" And you're about to be very uncomfortable, so there. Lay back. Stay still. Be good. I really don't want to have to get the ropes.

You can be -- I dunno. Good, right? "

Techno knew Dream thrived on praise. And was always hesitant to give any out until he has absolutely earned it.

Dream nodded eagerly as he laid back onto the bed, watching through his mask as Techno lit the candle.

And they both watched on as it began to melt. Techno holding the candle over his thigh, and allowing the first few drops of wax to hit Dream's tanned flesh.

The man jolted, with a hiss of a moan.

The next few drops landed on his opposite thigh, and Techno watched with dilated pupils as the clear wax hardened into something milky white against his skin.

" You can touch yourself. You can come from this, can't you? Just your hand and the pain? "

" Yeah. Yeah, I can. "

" Good. That's good, Dream. "

Dream keened beneath the soft words as he wrapped his hand around himself. Jerking his member

slowly as Techno moved up to his stomach to drip the wax across his abdomen. Dangerously close to his hand and his hardened cock.

Dream whined out in absolute ruin at the pain prickling in with his pleasure, his hand speeding up with each drop of wax meeting and lightly burning his skin.

" You're allowed to come whenever you want, Dream. You don't have to ask. "

Dream nodded his head along with him desperately, jerking and flicking his wrist with his thrusts up into his hand in a way he knew would make him see stars.

Whimpering and gasping through the stimulation and feelings shooting through his frame.

The wax came up to his pectorals, then back down his abs. Settling back to his thighs. It didn't take much more than that for Dream to orgasm with a high pitched whine as a final glob of melted wax hit a little too close to his dick for comfort.

At the sight of his come, twinning with the color of the wax, Techno blew out the candle and set it to the side.

" Good boy, Dream. "

Dream gave a weak groan of appreciation, wiping his mess on the sheets beside him, earning a little twitch of Techno's nose. But the irritation was washed away a tad at how comfortable Dream looked on his bed.

" Staying the night again? "

" Just one more time. "

" In which case, come on. Let me help clean you up. "

Dream gave a petulant whine upon being moved, but followed Techno's pull and allowed him to whisk him away to the washroom.

## Day 27 ; Stuck in a Wall ( Dream + Sapnap )

### Chapter Summary

this one is short my fault

#### Day 27 ;

#### Stuck in a Wall ( more gloryhole but skrt ) ;

#### Dream + Sapnap

The scene was set up with the intention to take control away from Dream. He'd brought it up after winning his trillionth manhunt in a row, and Sapnap had agreed easily with a bright grin.

The following day they'd gone all in.

Dream was settled on his knees on one side of a wall in Sapnap's home, a single hole punched out to reveal Dream's lovely face and awaiting mouth.

His hands were tied behind his back and all he could do was sit and take whatever it was Sapnap had to give him.

" Safeword, hun? "

He heard three knocks on the wood, and gave a satisfied sound as he pulled down his pants and positioned himself by the hole.

Dream's mouth opened easily, and Sapnap slipped his hardening length into the wet heat of his best friend.

Sapnap groaned low in his chest as he let Dream's talented tongue urge him to fill hardness before he started to thrust into his mouth.

Sapnap's pace was relentless as he chased after his own pleasure, and Dream was left to take it with soft gagging noises.

Drizzle forming and dripping down his lips. Tears flooding his eyes as he adjusted to keep himself breathing through it.

" God, look at you. So fucking helpless. Just taking it. You're such a whore, Dream. Just fucking taking it. I love you like this. "

He continued to thrust into him, eyes squeezed up shut, his mouth working as much as Dream's.

" Such a perfect slut. So damn good for me. Should just keep you like this. "

Sapnap used Dream until the pleasure in him became too much to handle, and he grunted. Coming into Dream's throat and staying out until he was forced to swallow down his load.

As Sapnap slipped out and pulled his pants back up, he reached a hand in to wipe his tears away.

" Good. Did so good. Let me just -- "

A fist punched away the remaining wood around him so he could pull Dream out, untying his hands so he could pull him into his arms, kissing him deeply.

" Have fun? "

" Yeah. Yeah, that was great. "

Dream's voice was wrecked, and Sapnap loved it.

## **Day 28 ; Human Furniture ( Dream + Techno )**

**Day 28 ;**

**Human Furniture ;**

**Dream + Techno**

" Feeling comfortable, Dream? "

Beneath him, settled on all fours, was Dream. A pair of beautifully crafted leather boots settled over his back. A book was placed on Techno's lap, and a quill was clutched in the hybrid's hands.

Writing down plans for a new attack strategy against L'Manberg should it ever prove to be useful. Always think ahead, kids.

Dream didn't reply. Of course he didn't. Tables didn't talk. Not even ones that had been stuck in one position for well over an hour.

His arms ached, and his neck hurt from where it was bent forward, but there was no denying how hard he was between his legs.

Humiliation made him beyond aroused, and there was nothing more arousing than being degraded like this. A gentle whine came from his lips, drawing Techno's attention.

" Color? "

" Green, I'm green, I just -- "

Techno blinked for a few moments, before taking a deep breath, as if it were an inconvenience at best, but he was a little too quick in setting his book aside which gave him away.

" Okay. Up. On your knees. "

Techno removed his feet from the small of Dream's back, and the hunter was quick to reposition himself on his knees.

Naked as the day he was born beneath the larger male.

" Please. "

" Please what, Dream?"

Techno's tone was sharp. Ungiving and cruel.

" Please, can I touch myself for you? "

Techno nodded his head, watching on as Dream hooked his hand around himself. Jerking himself off quickly, ashamed to be scrutinized so closely by someone as he pleased himself to the thought of being degraded so beautifully.

His face bright red beneath the safety net of his mask, and his hand smearing precum over himself to make it slicker.

Techno couldn't deny the show was doing something to him. But he remained indifferent. He couldn't touch himself to Dream's show. It would ruin the dynamic. But he painted such a pretty picture, so desperate from something so simple and demeaning.

Dream keened around an expert swirl of his hand, and his eyes were heavy in Techno, the green just barley visible through those little eye holes.

" I'm so close. Can I? Please? "

" Of course. You were acceptable. Come for me, Dream. "

It didn't take much more than the permission and the muddled praise for Dream to finish over his fist, wreck beneath Techno. Panting so pretty through his orgasm.

" Absolutely perfect. "



## **Day 29 ; Dacryphilia**

**Day 29 ;**

**Dacryphilia ;**

**Quackity + Wilbur**

Wilbur was buried deep inside of Quackity, both men nude with Wilbur draped over the duck hybrid. Shallows thrusting into him with teasing strokes. Watching Quackity's face intensely for what he knew would come.

Quackity was a dramatic and emotional person by nature, and he often ended up crying halfway through sex because he just got so overwhelmed.

There was something undeniably attractive about it to Wilbur. He loved the sight of Quackity crying and was always thrilled to be the person to make him end up in tears so long as those tears were ones from pleasure.

Long, skinny and pale fingers reached up to grab a fistful of Quackity's hair on a particularly deep and brutal thrust into the smaller man, and a loud squawk of a moan was his reward.

That, and the beautiful sight of his tears.

Quackity was gasping and writhing against his dick, his hips working wildly to get Wilbur in deeper as the larger man paused to simply take in the sight of those tears rolling down bright red cheeks.

It was absolutely gorgeous. Quackity was gorgeous.

" If you don't start -- ah -- fucking me again and stop staring at me crying like a freak, I swear to God I'm leaving. "

Wilbur chuckled but picked up his movements again, pressing in deep into the little hybrid.

Wilbur knew he wouldn't last long with the sight of Quackity crying on his cock, so he brought a hand down to help the other finish. Jerking him off in time to his thrusts.

Quackity moaned and squirmed through it, chest heaving as his orgasm hit him out of absolutely no where.

He constricted so beautifully around Wilbur that the older man couldn't help but find his release as well. Spilling deep into the smaller man, pulling out slowly with a dazed grin.

" You're so pretty when you cry. "

" Shut up! God, you can't just come in me then say shit like that! It makes it gay, Wilbur! "

## Day 30 ; Hate Sex ( Quackity + Ghost Schlatt )

### Chapter Summary

Ghost physics but they're awkward and don't exist

#### Day 30 ;

#### Hate Sex ;

#### Quackity + Ghost Schlatt

" I can't fucking stand you anymore. I can't -- I hate you so fucking much. "

Quackity's flesh body slammed Schlatt's dead form into the wall of his ' gym ', the energy between them both something electric.

Past relations brought forth to a brew. Crackling between the both of them and bubbling over into something undeniably raw and primal.

Schlatt's lips tugged into a smug smile as he leaned in, whispering harsh to the living man.

" Pumpkin. Is it because I never let you suck my dick while I was alive? "

Quackity all but snarled in response, but the flush on his cheek was undeniable.

" I hate you. I hate you more than I've ever hated anyone. "

" Knees, pumpkin. Or you can leave. I'm not wasting my time on this shit. "

Quackity made a face in response to that.

" What time? "

Schlatt arches a brow in response to that. His intent clear.

Knees or leave.

Quackity seemed to get it, and he sunk to his knees regardless. Wanting to see what he'd missed out on while they were together.

Just once.

Then he'd go back to hating him entirely.

Their history was too intense to not hate Schlatt. The cruel words, the intense shame he felt every time he remembered how powerless Schlatt had made him feel.

The emotions had been strong enough for him to decimate and demean his remains after he'd died.

Every part of his soul and being lived to hate Schlatt. And maybe that's why this felt so right.

A carnal way to express emotion was all sex was. What did it matter if he'd be the one on the bottom?

Besides. The thought of having his teeth so close to his dick was tempting, if not a little fucked up.

Schlatt's smug expression was clear as day as Quackity unzipped his trousers. Pulling him out and into his mouth.

Schlatt wasn't heavy on his tongue the way he was used to people being. He was sure it had something to do with him lingering between this world and limbo, but it felt light and easy to take.

Quackity would have no problem swallowing him to the back of his throat.

The senses were dulled to Schlatt, but the tension in the air made up for it and filled him with pleasure.

Hips rolling into his mouth as he hardened within the other.

Quackity's mouth was sweet and warm, his tongue working harshly with the intention to bring Schlatt to a quick orgasm. Just to prove that he'd been missing out when they were together. To rub in the fact that he'd never have this again.

And the point was made. Schlatt masted to full hardness as pleasure built within his stomach. Hot and warm as he thrust into Quackity's willing and open throat.

Down and down, reveling in the way his throat constricted and gave easily around himself. It was slick and obscene and absolutely wonderful.

He wouldn't be lasting long like this. Not under the circumstances.

His thrusts became more erratic and Quackity worked his tongue around the ghost. It didn't take long for Schlatt to groan low in his throat and come on Quackity's tongue.

The little duck hybrid scrunching up a face as he pulled back to spit on the ground, nose turning up in disgust.

He tasted like bitter acid. Maybe it was a good thing they'd never done this kind of thing when he was alive. Though he probably would have tasted sweeter living.

" You're gross. I fucking hate you. "

" I know you do, pumpkin. "

Who knew ghosts could orgasm?

## Day 31 ; Free Day ( Soft Sex ) ( Dream + Techno )

### Chapter Summary

👉 ty guys for all the support this challenge got this year it was fun and I'm deadass shocked I managed to finish , , , but it was fun. So thanks for sticking with me during it !!

#### Day 31 ;

#### Free Day ( Soft Sex ) ;

#### Dream + Techno

Techno was laid back against the bed, his hands gentle in the curves and divots of Dream's hips, helping to hold him steady after he'd just gone through the liberty of slipping onto him.

Dream always fit like a damn glove when he up and decided to ride Techno. Today they'd decided to take things soft and slow, gently so they'd be able to feel and indulge in the sense of each other.

Techno grinned up at Dream from where he was perched so pretty above him, his head tilting to the side. Voice a little mean as he spoke, but undeniably fond.

" Are you ready to start, Dream? "

Dream nodded his head, his own hands splaying out over the expanse of Techno's chest to keep himself stable.

" Yeah. I'm ready. You can start moving me now. "

Techno hummed out in response, using strong arms and his grip on Dream to raise him up, pulling him back down onto him with a delighted hiss of pleasure.

Above him, Dream keened at the first movement, gasping at the stretch. They'd spent time prepping him, but he was always overeager to get something inside of him. Especially when that something was Techno.

The motion continued, Dream helping to ease some of the work. The position designed so they could both stare into each other's eyes. Dream wanting to be above the other to maintain some power in their dynamic here.

It was quick and easy for them both to find a rhythm, familiar with each other's bodies. They landed on something fast paced but gentle enough for both men to take in the drag of each other's bodies.

Sweat clung to skin and the air in the room became damp from the sounds of ecstasy coming from both human and Piglin alike.

Techno taken in by the rosiness of Dream's usually tanned skin, his hands searching and roaming around his torso before going back to their bruising grip against his hips.

Techno's hips thrust up each time his pulled Dream back down. Growing more brutal as the flame between them got higher and higher..

Dream was gasping and squirming on him in no time at all, looking lovely and ruined.

Each drag of Techno's cock inside of him was brushing against the most beautiful of places. The assault was restless and had him seeing stars.

Dream's voice sounded like sin as he spoke up.

" Techno. I'm close. I'm -- "

" I know. I am too. We can, uhm. You can come whenever you want. No need for permission tonight. It's just us. "

Dream grinned shakily as he rolled his hips down against Techno with more vigor. Easing towards his orgasm that was building like a fire in his lower stomach.

Dream could tell from the way Techno's face was pinched up that he was close too. He always looked like he was in pain when he was close to orgasming, and it was horribly endearing.

It took a few more perfect thrusts and the addition of one of his hands around his dick for Dream to reach his own peak, finishing over Techno's stomach and his hand.

His body tightened so perfect and gorgeously around Techno, and it drove Techno over into his own orgasm, having the sense to pull out of Dream to finish on the sheets so clean up would be easier.

A soft sound of shock, guttural and animalistic came from Techno as Dream pounced onto him, clinging onto his side to --

" Cuddles? This is new. "

Dream tucked his face into a nude shoulder.

" Talk about it later. "

" Later it is. "

Techno pulled the unsoiled half of the blankets up to hide their bodies, hooking a single arm around Dream.


The hunter piped up one more time.

" Thank you for this. Each time we do this it's fun. So thank you. "

" Don't mention it, teletubby. "

## End Notes

kudos and comments are appreciated

 I'm going to try and be consistent but a lot of personal things going on compared to last year but I'll see what I can do while

actually growing more comfortable writing for a new fandom I'm enamored with

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!